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## "MY FAVORITE MODEL."

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

(With original illustrations of it by numerous artists.)



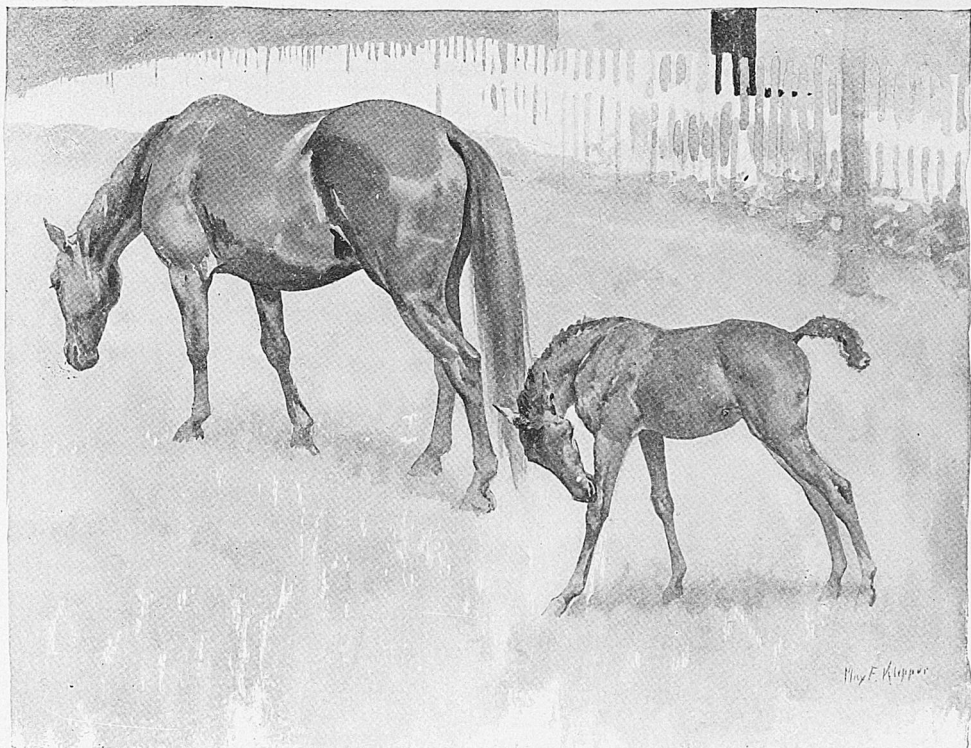
Drawn by Mary Buttes.  
"BERTHE."

WHO, on visiting the studios of different artists, or observing a number of pictures by the same man or woman, has not been struck by the fact that in all of any one person's work there is usually some prevailing type, whether this relate to human nature or some other kind of nature, however versatile the craftsman or craftswoman may be?

In the paintings of Van Marcke we seem to recognize certain "old original" cows whom we can almost call by name, though they appear under slightly varied forms, as clearly as we trace one particular model in all the angelic maidens of Botticelli. So, likewise, it is true of landscapists, that each has his favorite aspects of trees or shapes of cloud ;



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.  
"HE CAN SING, FIGHT, DANCE, PLAY  
BALL, AND GET DRUNK."



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

"MOTHER AND SON."



*Drawn by Ella F. Pell.*  
"VICTORS."

and among illustrators, for example, the recurrence of a special type or model is very marked in such widely divergent workers as Abbey and Vedder. It was a happy thought, then, on the part of THE QUARTERLY ILLUSTRATOR,

to ask a number of our characteristic and productive artists to send in drawings showing, in each case, "My Favorite Model."

This is, perhaps, a little like asking a poet or a novelist to point out a fixed favorite among his poems or stories. Still, in such a collection as this, we get at a great deal which is suggestive and true.

Thus as Dvůřák tells us that the negro has produced the only genuine American music, so E. W. Kemble pins his faith to the negro as an unique, unfailing source of the picturesque and humorous; with capital success, as his many and popular delineations in *The Century* and *St. Nicholas* testify. In this field, also, Mary Berri Chapman has planted and plucked laurels, although she makes this



*Drawn by Henry Sandham.*  
"A MODEL OF GRACE."

confession: "My favorite model is also my latest model, of plural gender as well as number." Yet she admits that a negro "auntie," such as we find here in "Old Kittie," might be called "the favorite model of her friends."



*Drawn by Ilona Rado.*  
"A MODEL TO MANY MASTERPIECES."



*Drawn by C. K. Linson.*  
"LIKE A LITTLE DUTCHMAN."



*Drawn by James Symington.*

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

farm, last summer." We were not there ; but we are there now—we are sure of it ; and if we could raise live stock as easily as he does, with a few passes of the brush—and such good live stock—we would be content. Next come the man and the horse together ; a nude rider, half classic, possibly Gallic, with a mythical touch, on a contorted steed. But this does not claim to be Miss Ella F. Pell's "favorite ;" for, while she generally begins her pictures with a model, she finishes them "out of her head," though remaining perfectly sane. From horse and horseman we graduate to the purely human in the next apparition—an abundant yet gracefully posed woman, in simple Greek or goddess garb, whom Mr. Henry Sandham

Enough of classification. Let us rather look upon these figures and scenes as they appear before us, at hazard ; as though we were taking a walk along the street or in the country, a stroll through "society," or, for that matter, making an excursion into dreamland. Is not this world of art, in a fine and lofty way, something like a masquerade ? Sundry of the shapes it presents seem perfectly real and well known ; others attract us by their strangeness, their air of fantasy. This mare and her pretty foal—are they not familiar to us ? Max F. Klepper says they were the result "of study on a



*Drawn by E. Daecke.*

"MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS."



*Drawn by Agnes D. Abbott.*

"ROYAL FAVORITES."

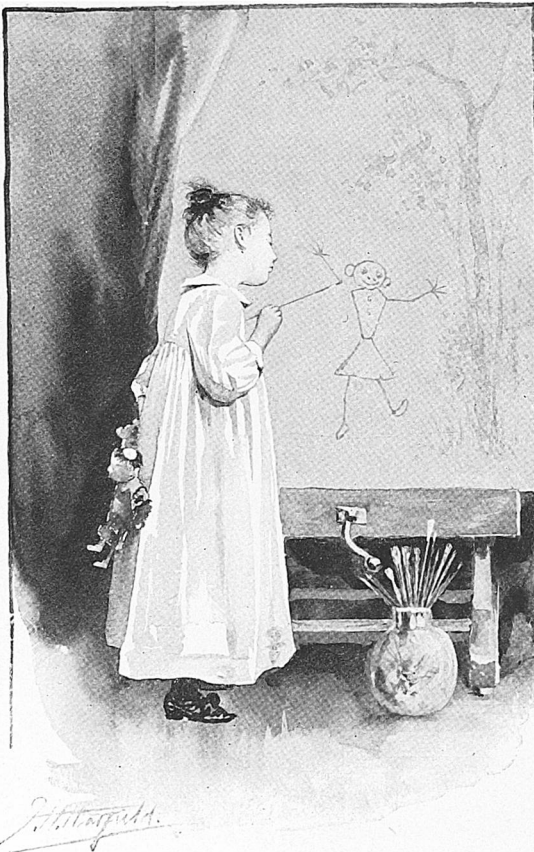


skilfully introduces to us. It is odd—yet quite in the nature of masquerading—that alongside these representatives of a remoter ideal world we should chance upon the vivid yet phlegmatic “little Dutchman,” whom Mr. C. K. Linson makes known, and the serious-eyed young woman with a sort of filleted hood, whom Ilona Rado vouches for. With her large, firm, yet emotional features she might pass for a Charlotte Corday. Whoever this mysterious personage may be, Ilona Rado says she prefers her among many hundreds, and that she has been “the model to many masterpieces.”



*Drawn by E. M. Becknell.*

“A CAPRICIOUS MODEL.”



*Drawn by J. H. Hatfield.*

“HELPING PAPA.”

It will be observed that, as these people pass before us, they do not always unmask. With the very first one in the procession, though, it is otherwise; for Mary Buttles, in an aside, makes us acquainted with her as “Berthe,” a native of Alsace-Lorraine, as her costume hints. Berthe, now of Paris, is an accredited favorite, “tall, rather angular, with good features and delicate coloring, together with a curious mixture of refinement and hardness, attractive in many points both artistic and inartistic.” She has



*Drawn by Lee Woodward Zeigler.*

“ONE OF MANY POSES.”



Drawn by  
F. A. Carter.  
"TEN-MINUTE  
SKETCHES."

"a face that is sweet, with an expression both sad and wistful, yet her main effort in life is not to let anybody get ahead of her." Truly it is a curious study, this of the artists' models—a study in character not only of the models, but also of the artists themselves, their motives and tastes.

James Symington reveals his sympathy with art in general by his choice of a woman violinist for his subject, or, rather, his representative at this entertainment. Mr.



Drawn by George Varian.

"HER FIRST GRIEF."



Drawn by Clara Weaver Parrish.  
"MELANCHOLY."

Daecke sends a little child. On the other hand, Agnes D. Abbatt is inclined to give the human interest a secondary place, claiming a superior and perennial youth for *her* favorite model, who, "as years go on, grows more beautiful. She has become a fashionable lady, with gorgeous costumes. She holds great receptions every year. Do you know her? She is the royal chrysanthemum."

But still more impersonal, more independent of mere humanity, is E. M. Bicknell, whose favorite model is possibly a



Drawn by Morgan Rhees.

"ON THE BEACH."

wave of some sort, since he is devoted to marine views. So, too, it would appear with Mr. W. St. John Harper, who declares that his favorite is Cynthia,

"That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,"

the moon. But Mr. Harper juggles with us a little; for he discloses not a man in the moon, but a beautiful, mystical woman in the moon, Sphinx-like, yet devoid of the Sphinx's bitterness. He finds it difficult, however, to persuade her to pose. "Just as I was about to complete this study I send you," he writes, "she sailed behind a silver cloud. This accounts for the vagueness of the sketch."

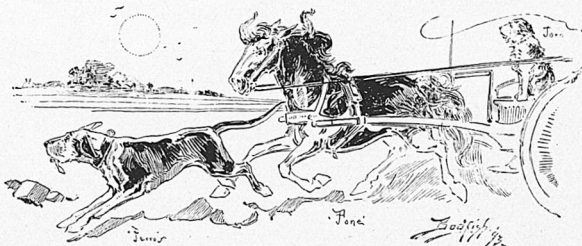


*Drawn by M. R. Dixon.*

"THAT DAUGHTER OF MINE."

Zeigler's lady in a listening attitude, we naturally await interesting disclosures, which have not yet come to hand. But F. A. Carter is interested in another phase of suspense—that of a man trying to tie his shoe—which, indeed, is one of the problems of life, even when presented only in outline.

Another problem, though by no means vexatious in appearance, is Morgan Rhees's buxom young woman in a bathing dress and scarf-tied hat, standing on a beach; against which we have, by contrast, a young girl in

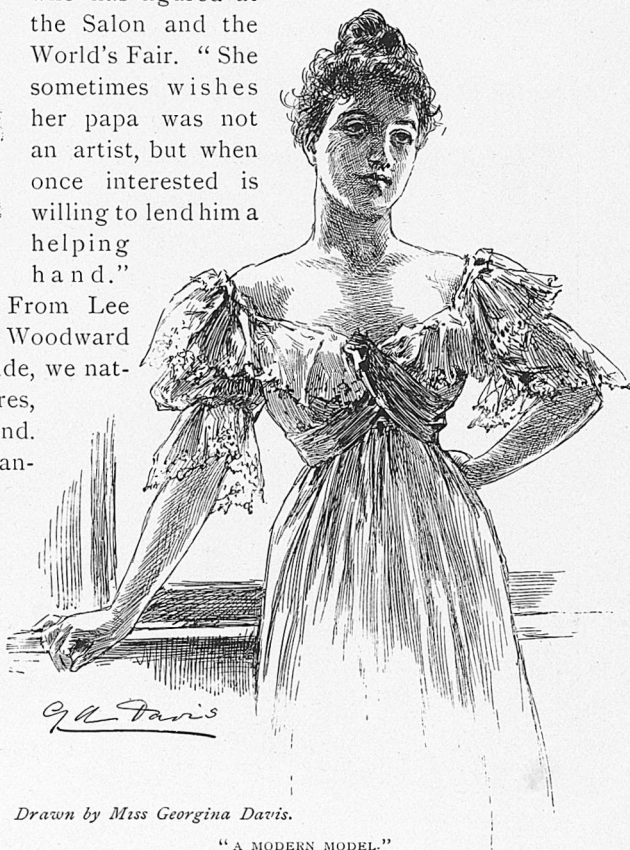


*Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.*

"THREE OF A DIFFERENCE."

Then, again, we are brought face to face with the most intimate of human interests, in J. H. Hatfield's drawing of his daughter Dot, who has figured at the Salon and the World's Fair. "She sometimes wishes her papa was not an artist, but when once interested is willing to lend him a helping hand."

From Lee Woodward



*Drawn by Miss Georgina Davis.*

"A MODERN MODEL."



*Drawn by Albert D. Blashfield.*

"WHERE IS HE?"

"Marguerite" attire, with a handkerchief in her hand, at a casement which she is about to open. This is a sketch by George Varian, who, rising from the ranks of photo-engraving work, has begun to achieve ideals of his own, and shows romantic sentiment. A weird woman in black, with her hands clasped, and an open folio fallen at her feet, whom Clara Weaver Parrish brings to our view, has a tinge of decided melancholy; and herein we see the varied scope of artistic vision and sympathy.



*Drawn by C. M. Relyea.*

"ON DUTY."

Frederic Remington rides into the arena (though he himself remains invisible) on a thin, war-worn steed which looks almost like a hybrid; and he disguises himself further under "A Study of Legs"—horses' legs, it should be explained. I fancy that Remington also indulges in humor, when he offers this jaded animal

and a few scattered fore-legs as his favorite models. Still he may be quite serious, for, like the famous naturalist who reconstructed an extinct animal from a bone or two, Remington has shown the ability to produce a whole new world of horses in graphic art, from the race of animals that had been going around in a neglected condition before he cast his eye upon them and aimed his pencil at them. William Bodfish treats his two dogs and a pony in a different style. They "keep up the pace," though he complains that



*Drawn by Harry Roseland.*

"UNDER THE ROSE."



*Drawn by Harry L. Parkhurst.*

"A STUDY."





Drawn by C. J. Budd.

"AN ORIENTAL BELLE."



Drawn by G. B. Drake.

"MY UNKNOWN MODEL."

tume, seated in a plain modern wicker chair.

C. M. Relyea tells no story, but submits a charming feminine seated figure in cape and hat. Harry Roseland *does* tell a story of a pretty girl reading a letter under a parasol (and "under the rose"), but the sequel is not given; and Mr. Harry L. Parkhurst vaguely indicates a nude woman dressing her hair.

One is inclined to ask why he should select this as his favorite model. Mr. C. J. Budd, who, as an illustrator of stories of adventure, has used models ranging from the ugliest to the most beautiful of creatures, declares in favor of woman in general, and seems to prefer her as seen in Oriental costume. R. H. Livingstone, however, contents himself with a small boy teaching a still

they do not always keep the pose; and he seems to have caught them.

Again the scene changes. Here are two charming young women—

one sitting, the other standing with one hand leaning on a window-sill. Who are they? M. R. Dixon explains that the fair damsel seated is her daughter and her favorite. The other girl, Georgina Davis's creation, prefers to ask *you* for an explanation.

Albert D. Blashfield gives us as his favorite a lady in simple modern cos-



Drawn by R. H. Livingstone.

"TWO CRONIES."



Albertine Randall Wheelan  
• 1893 •

Drawn by Albertine Randall Wheelan.

"BUDDING GENIUS."



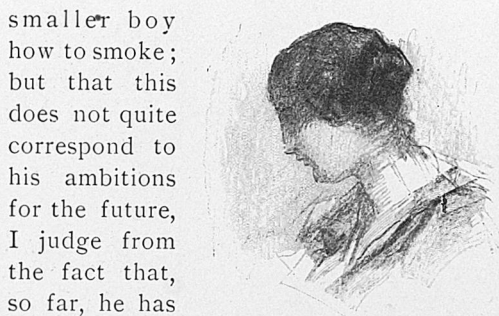
*Drawn by Frederick W. Freer.*  
 "A SUMMER GIRL."

dog, and a newly hatched chicken cluster round his pudgy feet.

Now, what are we to make of all these contrasts and contradictions? What are we to conclude?

Wait a moment! There are some more pictures to be examined. Again the phantasmagoria; again the masquerade.

We have here Frederick W. Freer's thoughtfully gay woman, with a broad hat tipped slantingly over her head, and eyebrows slightly strained; E. A. Bell's woman with her



*Drawn by E. A. Bell.*

"WITH HEAD BOWED DOWN."

smaller boy how to smoke; but that this does not quite correspond to his ambitions for the future, I judge from the fact that, so far, he has had no regular artistic training, but expects to begin serious study soon. G. B. Drake places before us the modest glimpse of a shyly beautiful yet pensive face, with abundant hair falling and draped over the bust. Albertine Randall Wheelan refreshes us with a quietly joyous little nude boy playing a mandolin, while a kitten, a pug-



*Drawn by H. G. Plumb.*  
 "TICKLED."



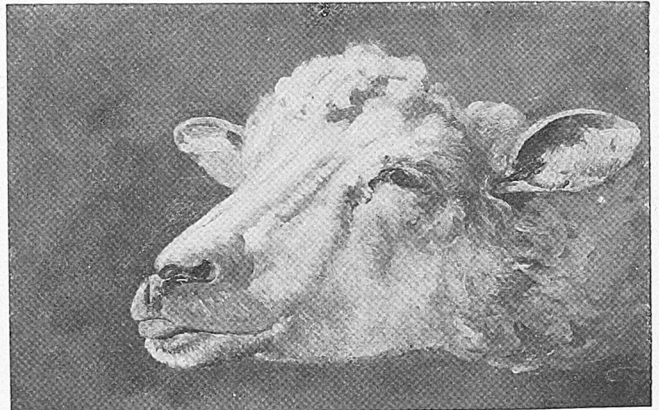
*Drawn by Geo. F. Kerr.*

"UP TO DATE."



*Drawn by H. Martin Beal.*

"PEPITA."



*Drawn by Thomas B. Craig.*

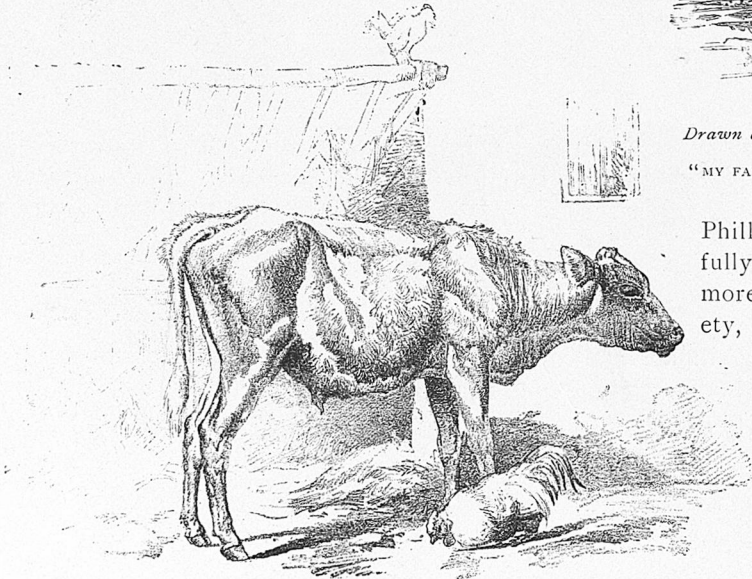
"SHEEP'S HEAD."

head bowed, her hair bound succinctly—a suggestion of sadness; then, in the next breath, H. G. Plumb's laughing boy, on the broad grin, and George F. Kerr's dashing woman of fashion, in fur-trimmed cape and high plumed hat, reposing on a broad, curved bench. We also surprise H. Martin Beal's old Pepita, in her Italian costume, asleep near the end of life's toil, even while trying to maintain an attitude for the artist's benefit. And at the same moment we detect Will



*Drawn by Will Phillip Hooper.*

"MY FAVORITE MODEL—MY MOTHER."



*Drawn by Peter Moran.*

"WAITING FOR DINNER."

Phillip Hooper's gracefully habited dame of more conventional society, examining a portfolio or a canvas on a working easel. Her back is turned to us. She is a study of draperies. Sometimes draperies are the whole of existence, to cer-



tain people ; and the artist has perhaps typified this truth here.

But, just as we have become interested in these phases of "the human form divine," we are led firmly to the contemplation of Peter Moran's lean heifer, Thomas B. Craig's strong yet rather mournful sheep's head, Silas D. Dustin's bull belligerently gazing at a leafy background of trees, and Francis Wheaton's charming studies of innocent lambs.

The barnyard and the field reassert themselves, in contrast with both the frivolous and the ideal elements of humanity.

Speaking of draperies—there are none to speak of, in the case of Charles H. Provost's decorative nude female figure. But in Stanley Middleton's beautiful, serene, and delicately modelled profile head of a woman in her prime, with her neck and shoulder exposed, her back turned toward the spectator, and the fold of a loose garment encircling her, we touch high-water mark of purity and sweetness. The seriousness of Mr. Middleton's artistic purpose is well indicated in these words of his : "Of the many models I have used, there are but two or three, perhaps, that I could call 'favorites'—owing to the fact of always deriving better results from them, their refinement, and, above all, the interest they show in the work they undertake. To have a so-called



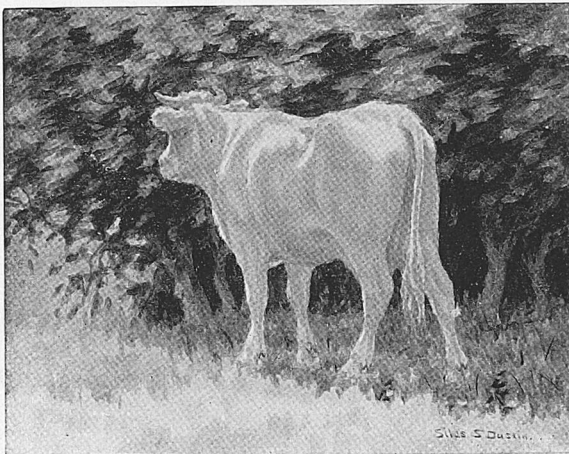
Drawn by  
Charles Hope Provost.

"DECORATIVE."



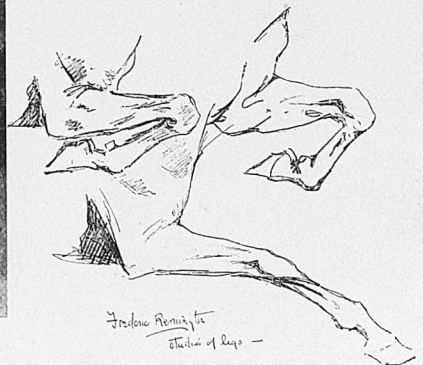
Drawn by Stanley Middleton.

"A REAL IDEAL."



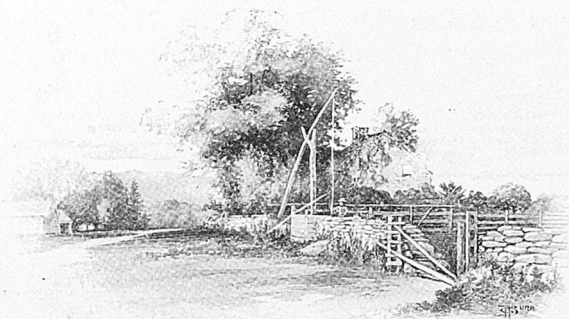
Drawn by Silas S. Dustin.

"IN HIS SOLID DAYS."



Francis Wheaton  
Study of a Lamb —





*Drawn by G. E. Burr.*

"THE HOUSE BY THE HIGHWAY."

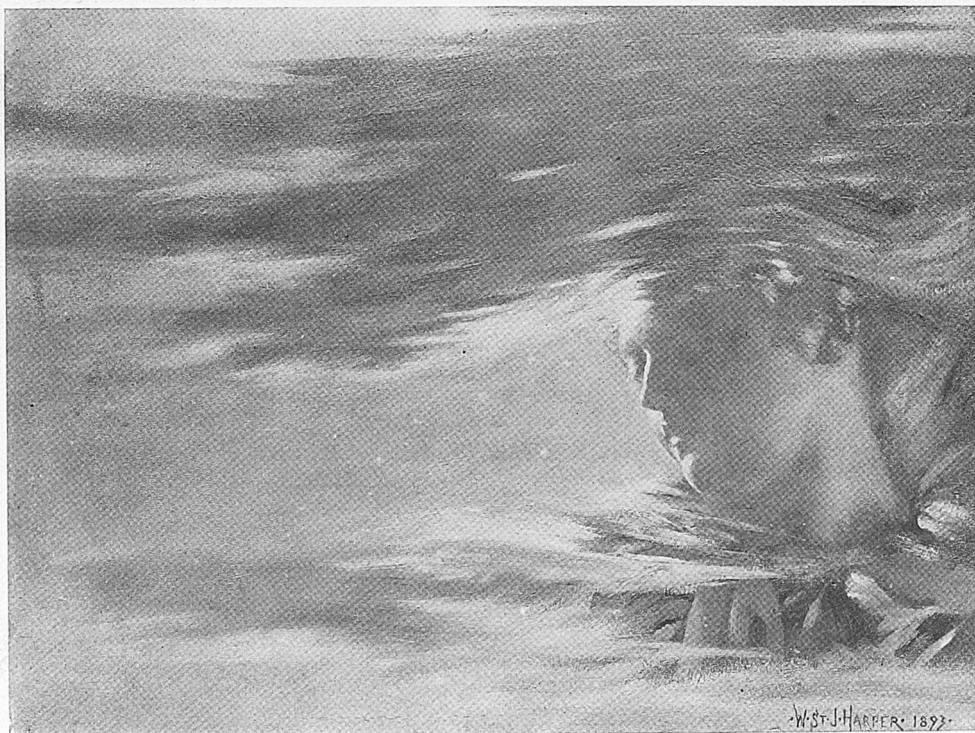
model about me, who comes merely for the dollar and a half, is not in the least calculated to stimulate my inspirations, and I give a sigh of relief when I can bow them gracefully out of the studio forever."

It is pleasant, also, to be reminded that there are keen, sympathetic eyes always on the watch for the homely or



*Drawn by Harry S. Watson.*

"ON STRICTLY CORRECT LINES."



*Drawn by W. St. John Harper.*

"CYNTHIA."



*Drawn by Maria Brooks.*

"IN THE DUMPS."

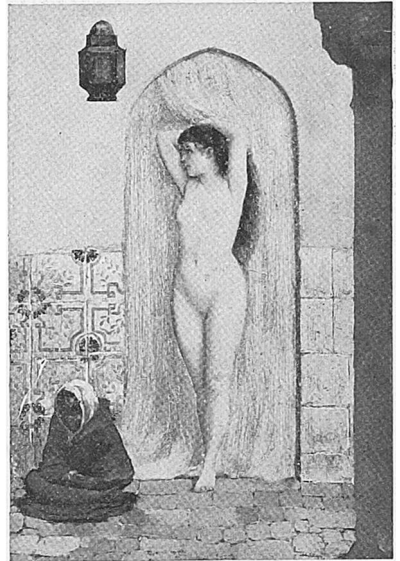


*Drawn by E. S. Lesley.*

"A USEFUL OUTFIT."

able (whichever she may be) would regard her next door neighbor as ushered in by Mr. Gunn, without a stitch of clothing. This is but another episode in the bizarre masquerade of art, at which we are glancing. Mr. Gunn's reason for presenting this delicately rendered nudity is that his chief and favorite study is that of the female figure. But we do not quite understand why it should be the function of "Truth" to reveal herself precisely in this form to a small Nubian slave squatting in the foreground. It is

domestic, and skilful hands to depict the same; as in G. E. Burr's old-time American farmhouse by the highway, with its immense tutelary tree (an elm, I suppose) and its quaint well-sweep. That bit of bucolic landscape is fitly companioned with the excellent old lady, bonneted, bespectacled, and wrinkled, whom Harry S. Watson so faithfully portrays. Mr. Burr says openly that his favorite model is landscape, and that the old farmhouse which

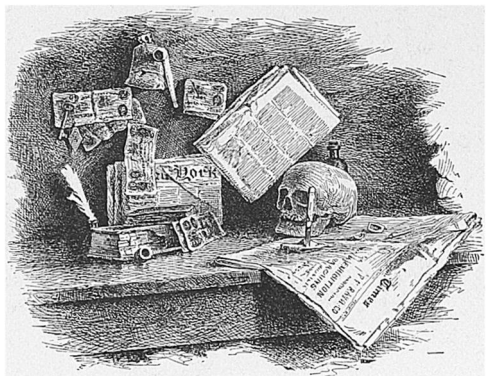


*Drawn by Archie Gunn.*

"TRUTH."

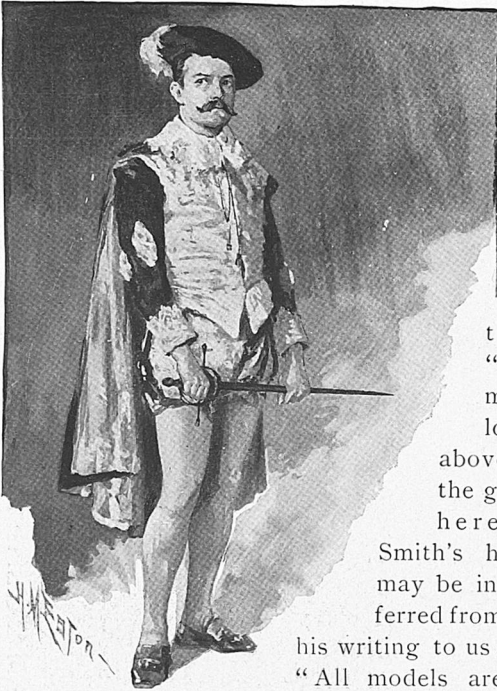
the domestic, and of integrity in character. He is good.

Mr. Archie Gunn goes to quite another extreme; and one may be forgiven for smiling and starting to think of the surprise and horror with which Mr. Watson's decorous old maid or matron vener-



*Drawn by D. D. Smith.*

"FACTS."



Drawn by H. M. Eaton.  
"IN SILK ATTIRE."

a very different and a grim phase of truth which Mr. D. D. Smith illustrates in the still—very still life sketch below; if it be proper to speak of bony structure as having life; for here the artist sardonically shows us an empty skull lying upon a perhaps equally empty daily paper, with an empty pipe, an idle pen, and equally idle bank-notes close at hand. Who shall say

this is not "Truth," as much as the lovely woman above? But that the grimness hinted here is not Mr.

Smith's habitual mood

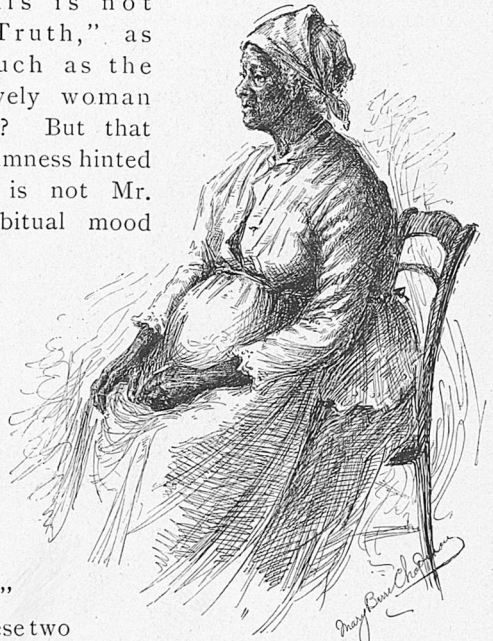
may be inferred from

his writing to us: "All models are favorites of mine who can, by distinction of pose, motion, or expression, throw themselves into the character represented."

After these two very decided unmaskings—one of

the bare body, the other of a bare skull—one turns with interest and appreciation to Maria Brooks's charming and cleverly characterized little girl "In the Dumps," her face forever hooded and concealed. Who

is this tiny *incognita*? Why, she may be any one of our friends or ourselves: are we not all very much like her at times? E. S. Lesley's odd group of a



Drawn by Mary B. Chapman.  
"OLE KITTIE."

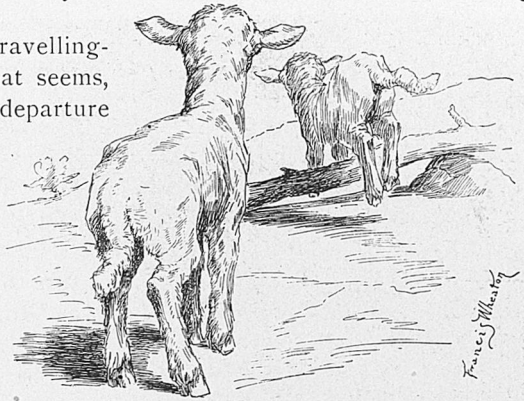


Drawn by Culmer Barnes.

"FAIRY TALES."

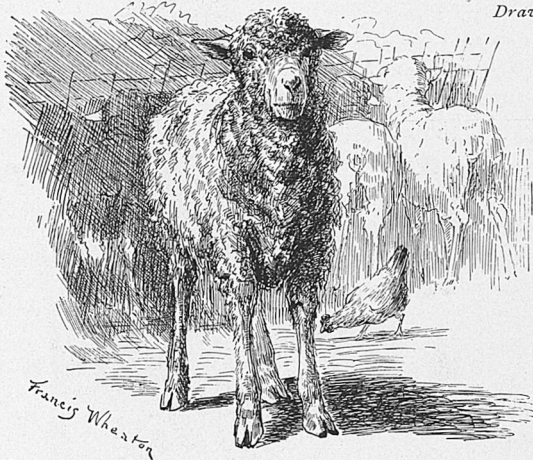


tumble-down chair supporting a travelling-bag, an umbrella, and a feminine hat seems, however, to warn us that the time of departure is near, that the show is almost over. And here, once more, we note the universal interest, the lively perception of graphic art, which can invest a plain bit of furniture and two or three ordinary articles of use or wear with so much movement and suggestion of story.



Drawn by Francis Wheaton.

"A SPRING MODEL."



Drawn by Francis Wheaton.

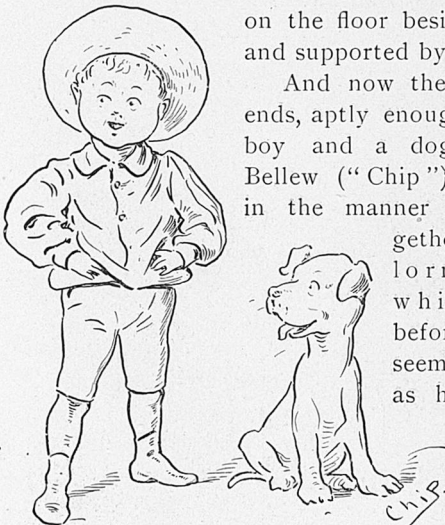
"A SUMMER MODEL."

Mr. Hugh M. Eaton is both quaint and discerning in his effective drawing of a mediæval noble or gentleman holding in his two hands, by hilt and blade, a sword.

Illusion leads to fairyland, whither Culmer Barnes now transports us, in his delightful conceit of a lovely girl reading from some legendary volume, with her feet resting on a live tiger, who obligingly offers himself as a rug, while a child, nestled

on the floor beside him, is gently enfolded and supported by his tail.

And now the masquerade is over. It ends, aptly enough, with a humorous small boy and a dog, devised by Frank P. Bellew ("Chip"), who bring up the rear in the manner usual to processions, together with Remington's forlorn and hungry quadruped, which we have spoken of before. Bellew's small boy seems astonished and inquiring, as his canine friend is, also; yet somehow they both appear to have a secret knowledge concerning this whole riddle of illustrative art.



Drawn by Frank P. Bellew.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

"AN OLD FRIEND."